

No more long-distance continuous bicycle races in America. Let us be as kind to man as we are to the brutes.

And now two 70-year-old lovers in New York State have put in their little variety sketch by way of an elopement. Next!

Congress seems determined that henceforth Cupid should pay court to the prisoner himself instead of the pension.

When a young couple are persistently seen on a tandem, even on cold days, it doesn't need the bell on the handlebar to suggest a ring.

If a man loses on a horse race he calls it bad luck. If he wins he says it was good judgment. It is the same way in the wheat market.

"Pie socials" seem to be coming into vogue, ladies who bring pies securing free admission. No life insurance provision is as yet attached to the movement.

The women of Kansas still continue to hold the balance of power in securing all the lucrative offices in the State. This is equal suffrage for women, with a surplus in the treasury thrown in.

South Carolina shows a record of 200 murders a year. Whether this includes the negro lately said to have been burned at the stake, and others disposed of by lynchers, is best known in this state of peace and security.

A cablegram from London says that "Andree is probably in winter quarters somewhere." This, we believe, will go far to correct the popular impression that Andree is now enjoying himself at some summer resort.

A distinguished painter having professionally examined the hand of "Tess," the educated Chicago chimpanzee, reports that he has "much more intelligence than any person he has ever seen confined in a lunatic asylum." "Tess" might well resent so doubtful a compliment.

Spain's offer of autonomy to Cuba recalls Dean Richmond's famous response when asked if the New York Central freight cars could be painted some other color than the one in vogue. "You can paint them cars any d—d color you like," said he, "so long as you paint 'em red." Spain says that Cuba can have as much self-government as she likes, provided that she is governed in accordance with Spain's wishes.

The Prince of Monaco, who takes a lively interest in deep-sea researches, has been taking soundings between the Cape Verde Islands and the Azores. From a depth of more than 2,300 fathoms, a little more than three miles and a quarter, his trap brought up a peculiar amphipod—a member of the slurrup family—measuring nearly four and a half inches in length, with many smaller ones. It had been supposed, from the Challenger's submarine discoveries, that no such form of sea-life could exist at a greater depth than 2,750 fathoms.

The only way election bribery will ever be stopped is through the treatment of it as a full-fledged crime, and not as a thing to be winked at. So long as the jail and the penitentiary do not distinctly stare the briber and bribed in the face, both parties will carry it on, and it will be condoned in both as a measure of self-defense. If civilized society had treated killing in the same way as we now treat bribery we should all be still carrying our lives in our hands, each man being a law unto himself.

The gladiatorial displays of ancient Rome have their modern successors in the long bicycle and walking contests of to-day. These contests, after the first two or three days, degenerate into exhibitions of self-torture, repulsive and degrading because carried on for mere pecuniary gain and not for any object worthy of such a sacrifice. It would be as sensible and inspiring to watch a man slowly skin himself alive or gradually pull all his teeth out as to see him little by little and hour by hour wreck his nervous system and drive himself into the condition of a driving idiot.

The traffic through the Sault Ste. Marie canal has been very large the past season. The report for the year up to Oct. 1 shows the effect of the enlargement of the locks at the Sault and the work done on the lake channels elsewhere. The number of vessels passed through the canal was 13,156, or 1,804 less than for the corresponding period in 1896, but the total freight carried, 13,589,183 tons, showed an increase of 765,742 tons. The most important single item of freight carried is iron ore, which this year amounted to 8,592,702 tons, the largest shipments ever reported at a corresponding date, and 1,777,967 tons more than in 1896. Coal carried was 1,507,963 tons, or 517,820 tons less than last year; but this decrease was due to the long strike of the miners, which seriously interfered with the lake trade.

All the wars that have been waged by Russia against the Turks have, so far as the soldiers of the Russian army were concerned, had a religious inspiration, says Harper's Round Table. The idea that the cross will again take the place of the crescent on the summit of the dome of the great mosque of St.

Sophia at Constantinople is firmly implanted in the mind of every Russian. And just as firmly he believes that it is the mission of Russia to plant it there. Every Russian regards it as the manifest destiny of his country, and though the day when Russian hands will tear away the crescent and substitute the cross may be delayed, he is convinced that it is only a question of time when the voice of the muezzin from the minaret calling the faithful to prayer will be heard for the last time. When the Russian army, under the command of the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Emperor Alexander II, arrived before Constantinople in the spring of 1878, he sent two telegrams to St. Petersburg, one reporting the state of the army, the other somewhat in the following language: "My army is in sight of the minarets of St. Sophia; we can take the city with the loss of 7,000 men." To the first he received the usual acknowledgment; to the second there came no reply. It was by this understood that the Emperor did not sanction the enterprise, for it would have been a breach of his pledge to Europe. In the army there was great disappointment, and more than one of the Russian generals, Skobelev at their head, expressed their anger so forcibly that the Russian army was withdrawn and put beyond the reach of temptation. But the feeling remained in every man's mind that the next time a Russian army came to Constantinople it would be to stay.

The development and opening to transportation of large and productive agricultural areas in India, Russia, Argentina, Australia and other countries have in recent years brought about the sharpest competition in farm products and very low prices. The cheap labor obtainable in some of these countries cannot be duplicated in the United States, and if American farmers would offset this serious disadvantage they must devise better methods, enter to the home market, and wherever possible raise the bar of ocean tonnage against foreign competitors. The United States annually consumes sugar and its manufactures to the value of something like \$120,000,000, three-fourths of which is imported, the proceeds going mainly to the beet and cane growers of other countries. Here is an opportunity for the farmers of the Northern and Western States, in many of which sugar beets grow to perfection. Practical experiments have already been made in some sections, notably in Nebraska and California, with results that could not be more promising. About 40,000 tons of beet sugar was produced in this country last year, considerably more will be produced this, and there is scarcely a limit to the expansion of the industry. We have millions of acres of soil peculiarly adapted to the sugar beet, enough, if utilized, to supply ourselves and the rest of mankind with sugar. Any two or three of a dozen States might easily produce enough sugar to supply our own wants and turn the balance of foreign trade largely and perpetually in our favor. Co-operation on a scale of some magnitude is necessary. First, an ample supply of beets within a small radius must be assured; then a machinery to reduce the product, costing \$200,000 to \$250,000, is required. But these things, wherever profitable, ought to be within easy reach of American means and enterprise. The benefits to other industries and to the country as a whole would be great. Every ton of sugar beets grown at home is so much taken from the increasing average sown to grain, so much deducted from the competition of overgrown crops and from the bills to be settled abroad.

Quite recently the papers told of a sad accident in New York City that ended the life of little 2-year-old Robert Smith. His father had bought a new revolver and his mother was examining it. Her children gathered about her, and little Robert called out, "Shoot me, mamma!" She, supposing it was empty, pulled the trigger twice and it did not explode. The children applauded as she repeated the performance, but this time it exploded, and the little fellow dropped with a bullet in his brain. The agonized mother picked the little fellow up and fled into the street. He was taken to a hospital, and soon died. Can you imagine the agony of that mother who accuses herself of having killed her own child; the remorse of that father for having brought the revolver into the house? Accidents like the one told are not an uncommon occurrence. We undoubtedly have far too many guns and revolvers in the country and far too little care and caution in handling them. Whenever I meet one of these youngsters in the street or highway carrying even the most innocent-looking gun and hunting for something to shoot at, I hurry to get out of reach. Indeed, I have a horror of firearms of any kind as handled ordinarily by the average person. It is true that boys like to shoot and hunt. But in our civilized, thickly settled communities, where people are not any more on the defensive against dangerous enemies, and where but little game is left, and that game more worthy of preserving than of destroying, shooting is a dangerous and unnecessary pastime for youngsters. It is a bad practice and a mistake to indulge our children in it. Why arouse and cultivate their murderous instincts? Why allow them to kill every innocent creature around them, and to make sad havoc among the birds of our forests and meadows? Why endanger their own and the neighbors' lives by the carelessness with which firearms are handled by young people? Surely, before we allow a woman or boy to handle a gun or revolver we should drill them in the proper use of such weapons, and feel confident they are fully alive to the dangers connected with the use of firearms.



THE LIE JOE SAVAGE TOLD.



LD settlers in the southern part of Baylor County, Texas, still make occasional reference to the Savages, or the Savage brothers, as they sometimes call them. This does not refer to the time when the Indians were in the country, although that time is by no means so far distant as to be beyond the memory of living men; nor does it imply anything especially wild and ferocious about the character of the men in question. It merely goes back to the first half of the '80s, when two brothers of that name were among the prominent inhabitants of that sparsely settled district. In some countries events of that period would be considered comparatively modern, but in Western Texas they are ranked as strictly ancient history.

It seems, from a careful survey of the facts in the case, that neither of the brothers was really a bad man at heart, notwithstanding the fact that a great many people who ought to know are strongly inclined to think otherwise. It is certain that one of them is as true a man as ever trod the soil of Texas, or any other State, for that matter. All who knew him agree that the final year of his life, at any rate, was a year of such courage and self-sacrificing heroism as one reads of in books, but seldom looks for in real life. The people of West Texas are not much prone to hero worship, and whenever they agree that a man of their acquaintance is above the average of mortality there is very likely to be some basis for the belief. Judging merely from physical appearances, one would have had little trouble in deciding which of the two men would be more likely to prove of heroic mold. Bill, the younger, was a man of magnificent physique, not unduly large, but with muscles of such herculean strength as perfect air and the free life of a Western cowboy are apt to impart. He was light-complexioned and is said to have possessed a vigorous, manly countenance, such as ought to have made him more successful in his love affairs than he really was. Joe, on the other hand, was as much a picture of weakness and deformity as his brother was of health and strength. He was not only a peaked faced, slender slip of a man, but he was a cripple as well. When he was 5 years old and Bill was only 3, a cyclone had struck the log house in which the boys and their parents were living. The mother and father were killed, but when the neighbors came to look through the ruins of the cabin they found Joe crouched on the bed with his limbs spread out in such a manner as to protect his baby brother. A heavy log had fallen across his right foot and right wrist, crushing them both very badly, but Bill was still sleeping in ab-

solite unconsciousness of the existence of any such disturbing affairs as cyclones. As a result of his injuries at this time, Joe was "club footed" through the whole of his life, and his right forearm had a big knot on it, and a crook that made his right hand turn out when it should have turned in. It is said that Joe was proud of his deformities rather than otherwise, presumably because they had been incurred in the defense of his baby brother, and that Bill was, for the most part, tenderly regardful of the brother who had sacrificed health and almost life for him.

Naturally enough, Bill was the more prosperous of the two. Before he was 20 he owned a considerable "bunch" of cattle, and leased quite a body of land in the eastern part of Baylor County as a ranch. Joe was his line rider, and in that capacity was able to do a great deal of such work as did not require any very great amount of mere muscular strength. Everything worked smoothly with them until May Conley came to live with a married brother of hers who lived only a few miles from the Savage ranch. She was not a highly educated girl, by any means, and it is doubtful if she was more than fairly intelligent; but she was pretty, and she was fickle—and that tells the whole story. In this case Joe was the first victim. He met May at one of the big camp meetings that are common in that country in the fall of the year, and after that he was very pronounced in his attentions to her for several months. Then his attentions ceased as suddenly and abruptly as they had begun. People noticed this and they

also noticed that just about that time Bill began going to see her. "Bill took it up just where Joe laid it down," remarked one cowboy to another during one of the intervals in a dance on one occasion. "Now, that ain't it," responded his friend. "I think Joe laid it down just where Bill took it up." One day as the two brothers and one or two others were engaged in branding some of Bill's yearlings the subject was brought up. "Sure enough, Joe, whatever made you quit goin' to see that Conley gal so sudden?" asked Jim Smith, one of the helpers, in a jocular way. "I stopped so's to give Bill a chance," said Joe, with what was evidently a forced attempt at gaiety. "Shucks!" ejaculated his brother. "You needn't a stopped for that. If I couldn't beat you I'd better quit." There was just the least bit of contemptuous emphasis on that word "you," and Joe noticed it. A slightly stamped, pained look came over his poor, thin face as he faltered: "Well, I didn't keer much for her, no way. I was just a foolin' from the first."

My very deliberate opinion is that this statement was a lie. It is my opinion, furthermore, that in this single, ungrammatical, mispronounced, mutilated lie there was a loftiness of thought and purity of purpose such as an angel in heaven might well aspire to. Bill did not take any such view of the matter, though, for he only looked up and retorted angrily: "My opinion of anybody that would go foolin' round a woman when he didn't care nothing for her is that he ain't much man." "He's pretty small potatoes—he shone is," put in Tom Jackson, the fourth man at the branding. Nobody noticed the remark particularly at the time, but subsequent events caused them to think a great deal about it later on. "I'm surprised at you, Joe," said Bill. The ghost of a forced smile hovered pleasantly on Joe's lips for a moment, but he merely rubbed his forehead with the knob on his wrist in the nervous way peculiar to him on such occasions, and said nothing.

Aside from one or two little incidents like this—which are hardly worth counting as exceptions—Bill's courtship was an illustration of a certain very excellent authority to the contrary, the course of true love does occasionally run smooth—for a while. In this case it ran smooth down to the very day set for the wedding. The ceremony was to be performed at what was known as Plum Creek school house, and early in the morning Bill went with a number of his friends to get ready for the festivities. In some countries it might not be considered as a part of the groom's duties to make these preparations, but in Texas it is etiquette for anybody to do anything provided there was not some one else to do it.

The ceremony was to take place at 10 o'clock. Perhaps half an hour before that time Joe and his friend Jim Smith were riding through the timber, which always abounds around creek bottoms in Texas, and were much astonished when, at a sudden bend in the trail, they came across the supposed prospective bride. She was on horseback and unaccompanied. "Hello!" exclaimed Joe in surprise. "Are you lost?" "Yes," answered May, with a nervous laugh. "I never was so glad to see anybody in my life. This here creek bottom timber's so thick a wildcat would nigh get lost in it—let alone a woman." "I should think you and Bill had been to Plum Creek schoolhouse often enough to know the way by this time?" "I ain't goin' to Plum Creek," said May, with a foolish giggle. "What! Ain't you goin' to get married?" "Yes."

"Well, Bill's at the schoolhouse now, a waitin' for ye." May tossed her head and then giggled again. "I ain't waitin' for him none," she said. "I might as well tell you now as any time. I'm goin' to be married to Tom Jackson this mornin' at Round Timbers. I've lost my way there and I want you to tell me how to go." At the mention of Jackson's name Joe's face hardened for a moment. He was the man who had been so quick to take Bill's part in the quarrel with his brother. Then Joe began to reason with Mary as to her conduct, but a very few moments sufficed to show him the futility of the attempt. Promptly changing his plans, he gave her a detailed account of the way to Round Timbers. "Say!" interrupted Jim Smith, who had listened in profound astonishment to the whole conversation, "you're mistaken about—"

her she'll not get to Round Timbers this mornin'." After this, Joe began again: "Jim, old fellow, for God's sake don't let on that you've seen or heard nothing this mornin'. It'll be plenty tough on Bill, anyway."

"I shore won't," said Jim. There was quite a crowd assembled around the door of the little log school house when these two men rode up. The groom was there and so was the preacher, so also were the people. The house was decorated within and without with flowers and leaves and other ornaments more or less appropriate to the occasion. However, there was one ornament generally considered necessary on wedding occasions which was still missing—namely, the bride.

"See anything of May lately?" asked Bill, stepping to the front as the new comers rode up. There was just a trace of anxiety in his voice as he spoke.

"Now," answered Joe promptly. His face looked perfectly unconcerned as he spoke, but in a very few moments a cloud began to rest upon it. I suspect, though, that instead of grieving over the lie he had told—as of course he should have been—he was merely wondering how he might spare Bill the mortification which a public discovery of the real facts in regard to May might occasion. He was now sitting with one leg thrown over the horn of his saddle. Suddenly his face lighted up with his old stocky smile, and in a voice that trembled a little in spite of the bravado he tried to throw into it, he began:

"Say, Bill, that was the devil of a lie I told you about May just now. I saw her not over half an hour ago."

"You did, did you? When will she be here?" "She won't be here at all."

Bill's face grew stern and white. "Why won't she?" he demanded. "Because I directed her in the wrong road. Jim tried to tell her right and I wouldn't let him. Ain't that so, Jim?" Jim nodded grimly. With faces that now began to grow drawn and anxious, the spectators glanced from one speaker to the other in turn. Bill's face was fairly livid with rage, and his voice trembled with the awfulness of repressed fury as he asked the next question:

"What did you do it for?" The expectant silence that followed was deathlike, but even then Joe's voice was hardly audible as he answered with the same stocky smile hovering about his white lips:

"Because I usester court her myself and you cut me out!" Before the words were fairly out of his mouth Bill sprang at him with the fury of a wild beast. With all the force of his mighty arm he struck and the blow descended upon the arm—the crippled, knotted arm—which Joe had interposed to ward it off. Some say it descended upon the very knot itself. He fell from his pony as if he had been shot, and lay for several moments on the turf where he had fallen.

"Which way did you send her?" asked Bill, in the same awful tones he had used before.

"I won't tell," gasped Joe. "Then get off that ground!" Joe meekly obeyed.

"Get on your pony—no, I see it's got away from you. Then saddle up mine yonder and go after May and bring her back at once, sir! Do you hear?"

Joe meekly took the huge Texas saddle in his left hand and carried it to where the pony was grazing, tied by a long rope to a tree. His right arm hung limp by his side. After some ineffectual efforts to throw on the saddle with his left arm he gave up the attempt.

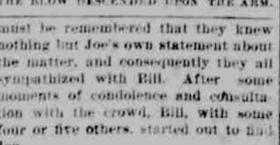
"I can't get the thing on," he said. "Use your right arm, sir!" called his brother.

"I think you've broke his game arm, Bill," said Jim Smith.

"It's a lie!" shouted Joe, "that arm's as good as ever it was."

To prove the truth of this assertion he made a mighty effort and managed to lift his arm to his shoulder, though the wrist still dangled loosely from his elbow. Even then he could not restrain his face from wining and his teeth from clenching with the pain. Dropping the saddle he turned abruptly and humped off into the woods without a word.

Jim Smith afterward said that only his solemn promise to Joe kept him from telling the whole truth at this juncture just as he knew it to be, and that he had to grit his teeth hard and say cuss words under his breath to do it then. As to the rest of the crowd, it



THE BLOW DESCENDED UPON THE ARM. must be remembered that they knew nothing but Joe's own statement about the matter, and consequently they all sympathized with Bill. After some moments of condolence and consultation with the crowd, Bill, with some four or five others, started out to find Joe. "Get that rope off your saddle there and bring it along," he said to one of the men. "You ain't goin' to string him up, are you, Bill?" was the rather anxious reply. "No, just want to skeer him a little. Come on." In a very short time they found the man they were looking for. "Are you ready to tell where May is, or to go after her?" Bill demanded.

"No," faltered Joe, with a distrustful glance at the little group of attendants.

Again his brother sprang at him. This time he threw him to the ground and held him there with his grasp firm upon his throat.

"Don't, Bill, old fellow, for God's sake," gasped Joe, as his brother somewhat relaxed the grip on his throat. "I didn't mean no harm by it—honest, I didn't. I won't do it no more. What are you going to do with that rope, Bill? You're not going to kill your poor, no-account brother, are you, old boy?" Without a word Bill and his attendants continued wrapping the rope around Joe. Then they stood him up beside a tree and tied him to it, so that his club foot touched the ground, while the other, the strong one, was doubled back in the coil of rope.

"Now, you ungrateful whelp," said Bill, as he started to leave. "I'll be back in thirty minutes to see if you're ready to tell me."

"Didn't he kiss your hand as you was tying him?" asked some one as they walked away.

"Dogged if I know," said Bill. "Did he?"

Hardly had they left when Jim Smith came up and at once began to untie the ropes.

"Don't!" said Joe. "Bill will be back in a few minutes. Just unslip this loop



here. Thank you! The strain was on my right arm, and it hurt, because it was sore, Jim, this is hard—but I guess I can stand it, for Bill's sake. I ain't hurtin' so much now, though, as I was. It's mostly all a joke. Bill was always a powerful fellow to joke. I wish you'd go tell him when he comes back please not to bring anybody else with him."

At the appointed time, Bill saddled his pony and rode off to where Joe was. "I'll take the loss, so that if Joe's ready by now he can start off after May and bring her back. I rather guess he's ready by now, too. Maybe we'll get to eat a wedding dinner today, yet—only a little late, of course."

After some time had elapsed and neither brother had "showed up," as the phrase goes in Texas, Jim Smith walked to the place where he had left Joe. There the poor fellow was, still tied to the tree—but dead! The thirty minutes' strain had done too much for his crippled leg to bear, and it had gradually given way, and this had allowed the poor fellow to choke to death. Of course, Jim lost no time in rousing the quasi wedding guests, and in telling the real facts about May. It is not the first instance in the history of the world where a man has had the truth told about him too late to do him any good. A pursuing party was out after Bill at once, but all was to no avail. Some say he committed suicide shortly afterward in San Antonio; others, that he is still alive in New Mexico; still others, that he is today in the insane asylum at Terrell. I do not know what the truth about it is. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jackson still live in Cottle County, Texas. Jim Smith is the man who first told me this story. Joe Savage is buried on the banks of Plum Creek, and on his wooden headboard you can still decipher the inscription: "He Loved Match."

The Scripture had to be misquoted to suit the gender of the pronoun and the spelling is slightly peculiar, but I can not help thinking the inscription a good one. Many people consider love a very good thing, and Prof. Drummond has written a book to prove that it is The Greatest Thing in the World. If these estimates are correct Joe Savage was certainly a great and good man; for greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.—Utica Globe.

The Swiss Postal System. In Switzerland, says the London Truth, besides undertaking to forward persons and luggage, the postoffice undertakes the collection of money against the delivery of letters or parcels; the collection of drafts, the office accepting instructions as to protest or otherwise in the event of dishonor; payment of subscriptions to newspapers; the delivery of books or music on approval with free return within four days if not approved; the delivery into the hands of the addressee of a letter or parcel specially marked for such delivery. With regard to charges, for 5 centimes a letter up to half a pound in weight can be sent to any distance within ten kilometers, and for 10 centimes to any part of Switzerland. There are also no limitations on the weight or size of parcels.

In addition to this the Swiss postoffice accepts full responsibility for loss or damage where the value is declared, the extra charge for declaration being merely nominal. It also accepts liability within certain limits, even without declaration of value, where a registered letter or package has been lost, damaged or even delayed in transit. Another point worth notice is that the system of filing the addressee where a letter is unstamped or insufficiently stamped—a system against which I have repeatedly protested—is not in force in Switzerland, where all that is charged to the addressee is the duty of the postage.